

Announcements, &c.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves.—This Evening at 8.—"The Two Faces of a Coin."—A new play by J. B. Jones. Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

CENTRAL PARK GARDENS, Seventh Ave. and Fifty-first St.—This Evening at 8.—"The Two Faces of a Coin."—A new play by J. B. Jones. Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—This Evening at 8.—"The Two Faces of a Coin."—A new play by J. B. Jones. Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, cor. Eighth Ave. and Twenty-third St.—This Evening at 8.—"The Two Faces of a Coin."—A new play by J. B. Jones. Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—This Evening at 8.—"The Two Faces of a Coin."—A new play by J. B. Jones. Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway and Thirtieth St.—This Evening at 8.—"The Two Faces of a Coin."—A new play by J. B. Jones. Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

Business Notices.

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Which usually sell for next year's crop. Cleanse your premises thoroughly with Kew's Liquid Potash, and thus prevent the cockroaches, flies, and other vermin from increasing your loss. Beware of cheap imitations. Kew's Liquid Potash is the only one that will not injure your property. Sold everywhere.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1869.

Lady Byron's legal representatives publish an earnest protest against Mrs. Stowe's article, and deny the correctness of its statements; while *The London News* comes to her rescue, saying she has done nothing but make a fair and valuable contribution to the veracity of history. Cardinal Cullen forbids Roman Catholics to send their children to the National model schools on pain of losing the church sacraments. One of the Oxford crew publishes a card explaining that they would have won by several boat-lengths more but for the fact that they were delayed by interruptions. Spanish journals are dependent on the Cuban matter. *The London Times* confirms the report that the American-Chinese treaty has not been rejected. The Cuban revolutionists have been defeated in a small engagement, and 15 of them killed. A Cuban expedition was arrested at Fort Gaines, Ga., yesterday, by United States authorities. Prince Napoleon has made another speech so liberal as to call down the denunciation of the Ministers, but he afterward had a conference with the Emperor, who is said to have opposed his liberal ideas. Private letters from Madrid confirm the report that Minister Siskies has offered the services of the United States as mediator between Cuba and Spain. The ship *Albatross* has been captured by the Cuban navy and is driven on any vessel.

The National Temperance Convention has voted to establish a new party to be known as the "National Anti-Drum-Support Party." The Governor of Montana has removed a number of prominent officers. The Pennsylvania lumbermen have resolved to reduce their usual supply of logs by fifty per cent, in order to enhance prices. Secretary Rawlins is improving in health. Superior Young, of the Cincinnati Internal Revenue service, charged with wrong conduct in office, has been vindicated. A National Convention of Spiritualists are in session at Buffalo. Coal has been discovered in this State, near Buffalo. The skeleton of a mastodon has been found in Salem County, N. J.

Preparations are in progress for giving the Harvard crew a fine reception when they reach this city. The main business before the Chamber of Commerce yesterday was the new idea of a line of steamers from New-England and Southern ports to the Mediterranean and the East Indies, by way of the Red Sea. Our local political organizations are awaiting for the campaign, and the Democratic opposition to Mr. Belmont grows apace. The Germans are working for an independent organization to send honest men to the Legislature and into city offices. Francis L. A. Boole, some years ago a prominent Democratic politician of this city, died yesterday in the State Lunatic Asylum. Joseph Curtis, ex-Sheriff of Queens Co., died suddenly on Wednesday night. A burglar was killed in Brooklyn by falling down a hatchway. Col. Egan, the Custom-House brawler, charged with obtaining money by false pay rolls, is held for regular trial. Gold, 135, 134, 134. Temperature, 55, 65, 64.

—We print on the second page an account of Montezuma's experiment in Prison Reform, a sketchy letter about travel in the Adirondacks, an attractive and seasonable paper on horse-furishing, and miscellany; and on the sixth page reviews of new publications.

We hear of light frosts in New-England, and some alarm, particularly about the tobacco crop. No damage, however, seems yet to have been done. Anything like a genuine frost now would of course complete the work of the long drought on the corn.

Our returns from the election in California are meager, but indicate a light vote, and a majority in the Legislature for the party falsely named Democratic. It strikes us as not especially creditable to the voters of California that this triumph has been achieved in the face of the basest appeals to prejudice in behalf of caste. The Democratic party ought to have the decency to change its name.

The National Temperance Convention at Chicago is likely to be remembered rather for its excellent intentions than its wise performances. We doubt whether the formation of a Temperance party in opposition to the leading political parties now in existence is either timely or practicable, and we cannot but regret that the wise counsels which were urged at the Convention did not prevail.

It is always much pleasanter to lead than to drive, and this is true even with the most hardened criminals. The interesting sketch of prison reform published in another column shows what success may be attained in this department by substituting moral persuasives for brute force, and singularly confirms recent suggestions made in our own discussions of the subject. Don Manuel Montesinos has set our prison officials an example which they cannot err in imitating.

The examination of U. S. Weighers T. W. Egan and Percy B. Spear, accused of committing fraud upon the Government by issuing false pay rolls, was concluded yesterday before U. S. Commissioner Osborn. Egan was held in \$5,000 bail for trial, in default of which he was placed in the custody of the U. S. Marshal. Spear was discharged. In commenting upon the evidence the Commissioner remarked that a system of fraud had been satisfactorily shown to exist in the Weighmaster's Department of the Custom-House—to how large an extent and in precisely how many ways we are yet uninformed. But we have now the

opinion of a Commissioner that practices somewhat different from "irregularities" have been going on; and as so much has been accomplished to sustain Government authorities in investigating Custom House affairs in this city, we hope they will feel encouraged to pursue their inquiries, and ascertain just where the system of fraud has begun and where it ends. We shall be satisfied with nothing less.

At last we have what seems to be authentic confirmation of the report for some time in circulation, that the United States Minister at Madrid has offered the good offices of this country as a mediator between Spain and Cuba. This comes to us, indeed, coupled with the declaration that, for the present, the Spaniards are unwilling to accept such mediation unless the Cubans should first lay down their arms; but we are none the less inclined to believe that they will finally be glad to accept, not such conditions as they choose to prescribe, but such conditions as their own pressing necessities may impose.

We trust those who favor a re-location of the Federal Metropolis are not forgetting the Convention in that interest to be held at St. Louis on the 29th of October. Our own judgment is that New-York is the best and Washington the worst site for our Capital; but this Convention will only serve to bring the question fairly before the people, and stop the erection of costly pile after pile at Washington with money that ought to be used to reduce the National Debt. If only in that view of the movement inaugurated by St. Louis is of great importance and promise, and we urge all interested to give it emphasis and support.

Warned by their past experience, the sympathizers with Cuba have determined apparently to avoid New-York for the future, and select rendezvous for their expeditions for the Cuban coast at points less carefully watched. Our dispatches announce the gathering of an expedition in Georgia, arrangements in getting to sea, efforts of the United States Marshals to intercept it, and general excitement along that part of the South Atlantic coast. While we should hardly feel called on to mourn their success, we confess to a belief that the best hope for Cuba lies in the presence of plenty of arms in the hands of her own sons.

These are days and nights of startling incongruity in dress. The Winter is upon us though the Summer is not gone. Clothing consistent with the sudden chill which yesterday filled the atmosphere is difficult of access, if not wholly unattainable, and the public promenades just now present, so far as raiment is concerned, nothing but pictures of chaos and bewilderment—unnatural alliances of white waistcoats and woolen gloves; unhallowed unions of straw hats and heavy overcoats; preposterous antitheses of fragile neckties and stalwart boots. At the evening play-houses, ladies enter swathed and muffled like antique mummies, and, unfolding themselves with agile grace, spring forth to the astonished gaze, radiant, light, airy, and untrammelled, like Venus bursting from the gloomy deep. And all in consequence of the audacious intrusion of cold weather before its time.

Just as the friends of unhappy Ireland were congratulating themselves on the triumph of a measure of long deferred justice in the disestablishment of the Church of a small minority of her people, rendering religion in the Green Isle a matter of personal concern as it should be, the telegraph brings the unwelcome tidings that Cardinal Cullen, the head of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy, has forbidden the further attendance of Catholic children on the National Schools—an edict that must deprive hundreds of thousands of any secular instruction whatever. This edict is a calamity not for Ireland only but for this country as well, which will hereafter be largely peopled by immigrants whom Cardinal Cullen has thus arbitrarily consigned to life-long ignorance and intellectual darkness. The Cardinal has evidently mistaken the Nineteenth for the Eighteenth Century.

The National schools of Ireland are non-sectarian, but not irreligious. They inculcate no dogmas of any particular church, and they war upon none. They have been rapidly vindicting Ireland from the reproach of popular ignorance and mental darkness, and their overthrow will prove a sad privation to millions.

SHALL THERE BE PEACE?

Despite the narrow bigotry and chronic bitterness evinced on this hand and on that, we firmly hold that the understanding as well as the interest, the heart as well the head, of the American People, demands a speedy, comprehensive, conclusive pacification of the country. Not that a dead calm in politics is either attainable or desirable, but that controversies affecting the fundamental Rights of Man are too exciting, too perilous, to be tolerated an hour longer than is constrained by imperative necessity. This broad land has for years been convulsed by such a contest. Its consequences are still visible in the ashes of burned cities, flanked by acres of recent graves. There are millions of mourners among our people whose tears are scarcely dry, whose hearts are still sore, whose bereavements are among the incidents of our great struggle. There are grave problems of Political Economy, of Finance, of National Policy, which impatiently await a solution, to which the undistracted attention of the masses is an essential prerequisite. Weighty considerations on every hand plead for an early concentration of public regard upon the arts of Peace—the means whereby the effects of ravage are obliterated, and National wealth is created and rendered abundant.

When we first propounded UNIVERSAL ANXIETY WITH IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE as the two bases of National reconciliation and reconstruction, the passions evoked by our great Civil War were still general and vehement. The ashes of many a ruin were still hot—the ruts of cannon-wheels still gridironed half the country. Time has softened the antipathies then prevalent, though it has not effaced them. There are thousands as implacably hostile as ever to the ideas which triumphed in our great struggle; and some of them still delight in gratifying their malignity by midnight raids on isolated Unionists and defenseless Blacks: these are no longer insurgents, but simply felons and assassins. There are ignorant, stupid, thriftless, worthless creatures in abundance who are very unfit depositories of political power; but these are not all Blacks, nor are they peculiar to any section or party. We still believe the grounds of pacification we originally proposed are those which not only should be, but inevitably will be adopted. They are already virtually accepted by two-thirds of the People of the South; their only formidable antagonists are found in the ranks of our Northern Copper-

heads, and their opposition is illogical and insincere. They realize that Impartial Suffrage is inevitable; they resist it in the hope of thereby securing local and temporary advantages prior to that general acquiescence in its justice and beneficence which they foresee and expect to share.

The World again beats the party gong in opposition to Impartial Suffrage. It threatens us with a unanimous Democratic vote against it, which it cannot secure. In our State Constitutional Convention two years since, Mr. Magnus Gross, the only German Democrat chosen to that body, a leading editor, and one of the chief oracles of his people, not only voted steadily for Impartial Suffrage, but advocated it in a speech which the editor of *The World* would be the wiser for reading to-day. There are a great many thousands of Germans in our State who usually vote the Democratic ticket, and they, as a body, are favorable to Impartial Suffrage. They may be dragged into voting otherwise; but, if they do it, such vote will be the dictate of their partisan afflictions, not of their unbiased judgment. Left to themselves, nine-tenths of our German-born citizens would vote to accord to every native of the soil all the rights that they claim for themselves.

The World thinks all who would vote to deny the Right of Suffrage to Blacks in our State would oppose the XVth Amendment. We think not. We believe many who, as a State question, would adhere to the compromise made by the Convention of 1821, would rejoice to see Impartial Suffrage conclusively and universally established by the ratification of the pending Amendment to the Federal Constitution. They desire that the people should consider and vote upon topics quite apart from the rights or wrongs of negroes; and they see that this topic blocks the way to the consideration of others, and is morally certain to do so till it is disposed of as only it can be.

There was never a time when the judgment and conscience of our people did not decidedly concur in insisting that men should be treated by our institutions and laws according to their respective characters in utter disregard of their color. But Slavery, while our State tolerated it, forbade that its victims should be voters; and when Slavery vanished from our soil, it still lingered at the South, and thence exercised a baleful influence over the Free North. The Democratic party became affiliated with the Slave Power; their alliance was like that of mystical Babylon with the kings of the earth, as portrayed in the Apocalypse; and Northern Democrats crucified democracy to bask in the favor of Slavery. Hence the repeated votes of nearly every Democrat to impose a Property Qualification on a class of our people so poor in fortune and so weak in influence and numbers that their disfranchisement was only intelligible as a gentleness before the altar of Slavery. Now that the idol is shivered, the worship is an exhibition of sheer malignity.

The ratification of the XVth Amendment by our late Legislature was fair and perfect. The majority who voted to ratify therein truly represented their constituents. They did not represent Mackerellville nor the Five Points, and did not pretend to; they did represent the constituencies by which they were elected, and they were elected. The refusal of our Democratic Secretary of State to certify the result to the State Department at Washington is a violation of official duty against which the Legislature should have taken ample precautions.

The World says: "The negroes of our State are amply and fully protected by our laws." That was not demonstrated in Brooklyn, when scores of them were mobbed, and mauled, and narrowly escaped burning to death, for their temerity in presuming to earn the wages offered them in a tobacco factory; it was not evinced in this City when a Democratic mob hunted every colored person they could find through our streets as though he were a wolf, hanging and burning those they could catch, and burning to ashes the orphan Asylum which presumed to shelter some scores of colored children. Our laws will not this day protect the colored men who would like to drive their own carriages, and convey therein those who chose to employ them; they would not protect Black carpenters and masons in venturing to build a house in our City. In short, the Blacks are shamelessly denied legal protection here in the free exercise of their faculties in earning an honest livelihood; and they never will nor can be adequately protected until they are allowed to protect themselves by their votes, as we trust they will be after our next election.

WILL PRIM PLAY HIS KING?

It is just about a year since Gen. Prim paid his former visit to Vichy, and took occasion to make a call in Paris. He is now in Vichy again, and has also been making a call in Paris. Immediately after his former visit came the Spanish revolution which opened so magnificently, and of which Prim was the hero. What is to come of the present trip to France? Nobody has ever doubted that when Prim went there last year he went to have a final talk with Louis Napoleon concerning the enterprise on which Spain was about to embark. No one can doubt that Prim is now seeking counsel as to the future of that enterprise which began with so brilliant a success, and looks already as if it were doomed to sink into a disastrous failure.

What has been the history of Spain during the past twelve months? She has been almost like that "bark without pilot in a stormy sea," to which Dante, in a memorable passage, likens the Italy of his day. The new regime—we hardly know whether to call it monarchical or republican—has been engaged almost since its first came into existence in putting down insurrections. The streets of great cities have run red with the blood of insurgents. One sometimes would hardly have known that Isabella was not still on the throne with O'Donnell or Narvaez as her Minister. There have been Republican insurrections, priestly insurrections, Isabella insurrections, Carlist insurrections. The last, if report speaks true, have been suppressed with a sanguinary sharpness almost worthy of the hands which crushed the Loja movement eight or nine years ago, when even Narvaez himself (to be sure, he was not then in office) rose up in the Senate and protested against the superfluous slaughter. Spain has, at the present moment, at least six or seven political parties actively and fiercely striving for supremacy—Republicans, Unionists, Progressists, Monarchists, and the factions which should, perhaps, be called conspiracies rather than parties, the Isabellinas, the Carlists, and the other bands and gangs which aim at seizing the throne for this or that Bourbon. The Carlist attempt seems, indeed, to have been stamped out for the present; but the measure is said to find great favor among the priesthood, in whose eyes Prim and his colleagues are no better than the heathen. Added to all this is, of course, the Cuban difficulty. The

Spanish Government have gone so far in endeavoring to suppress the rebellion in Cuba that they feel their dignity compromised if they do not persist; "returning is as tedious as go 'o'er." In this condition of things it is no wonder that Prim seeks counsel of some one; but if the Emperor Napoleon be his oracle he is in worse plight than Pyrrhus when he trusted to the double-tongued prophesy. Perhaps the result of the consultation will be that Prim, when he gets home, will let the King out of the bag—the King whom everybody seems convinced that he has been keeping tightly fastened up for production at a convenient moment. With the public presentation of this King, whoever he may happen to be, will come, we venture to think, a decisive struggle between the Republican principle and monarchy in Spain. There certainly is no man living who could reconcile the antagonism of contending parties and induce the national voice of Spain to cry hail to his sovereignty. We attach no importance to the recalcitancy. We attach no importance to the points to Marshal Serrano as likely to be chosen King. Nobody is enthusiastic about Serrano, and nothing short of universal national enthusiasm could give a mere Spanish soldier any chance of sovereignty in Spain. When the name of the proposed King is announced, it is certain to be that of somebody belonging to the traveling circus of princes who are always going about Europe in search of thrones, and whose existence and vocation form one of the most insubstantial and dangerous nuisances European liberty has to encounter.

This King in the background has certainly been the worst enemy and curse to the Spanish revolution. Considering that every previous political convulsion in Spain had only been a miserable party affair, the expulsion of one faction by the upheaving of another, it was the obvious policy of Prim and his associates to give to this at all cost a distinctly national character. A flag should have been raised at once around which the patriotism of the whole nation—whatever patriotism there is in the nation—could have rallied. Spain, to do her justice, has always shown a genuine national enthusiasm when summoned by some cause for which a nation could be enthusiastic. But the crafty, secretive, dispiriting policy of the new Government threw a damp upon every ardent heart. The Republicans soon felt that they were being paltered with in order that they might basely betray, and even the Monarchists grew disheartened and apathetic. No political party can be roused into enthusiasm by an abstraction; even a monarchist cannot go into raptures of loyalty about an expected king whose very name he does not know.

A kind of inert, vacuous expectancy soon, therefore, settled down with clogging influence over the movement which had opened with such ardor and brightness. The revolution became damp, limp, lymphatic. Prim and his colleagues in the Government appeared to the nation at large to be only serving the purpose of what is called in English politics a "warming-up"—a seat in the House of Commons until his patron or the son of his patron is ready to come and take it. Or perhaps they seemed to hold the still less dignified position of the man "in possession," the man whom the landlord has sent to look after the house and property until a fitting person is found to take the place of the defaulting tenant whose chattels the law has confiscated.

National enthusiasm would have saved Spain. National enthusiasm would have saved her yet. Only the Republican party seem capable of arousing and concentrating such a feeling, and we do not venture to say whether they are strong enough to become masters of the situation. At the present time the Revolution, in so far as it is the cause of Liberty and Progress, begins every day to lose ground, and it is evident that a new starting point must be found, or the whole will be a failure. Every day the conviction grows stronger and sadder that Prim and his colleagues do not hold in their hands the divining-rod which is to reveal the hidden springs of national enthusiasm. They have but to produce their King, their last resource, their grand card, to add one final illustration to those they have already given of the difference between the juggler and the magician; between political craft and patriotic inspiration; between Prim and Washington.

HANSOM CABS.

We shall soon have them—not in great abundance, but in sufficient number at least to test the value of the experiment, and to enable citizens to estimate the various advantages which the new vehicles are expected to afford. In the course of a few weeks, probably before the end of this month, we are assured, about one hundred cabs will be ready for traffic at various stations in this city and Brooklyn. This is, no doubt, a small beginning; but if the enterprise be conducted as fairly and liberally as the Directors of the Company promise, it will rapidly receive sufficient encouragement to authorize the introduction of an indefinite number of similar conveyances. Popular convenience will require that they be reckoned by thousands, as they are in London, instead of by hundreds.

For nobody knows how many years, the most flagrant nuisance, among the myriad nuisances which afflict this metropolis, has been the public hackney-carriage system. Extortion, discomfort, and the undisguised brutality of drivers, have been its steady attendants. It has scarcely a redeeming characteristic. Law cannot control, although it feebly affects to restrain, its abuses; and the few occasional efforts on the part of the community to remedy its errors have resulted in such utter failure, that no course is now open to citizens excepting either to abstain altogether from the use of hackney coaches, or to submit unresistingly to the exactions and impositions of those who manage them. For travelers, there is not even this choice. They must employ carriages, and, as a consequence, they must be bullied and plundered. The Hansom Cab Company pledge themselves, in due time, to reform all this. They offer a method of conveyance sufficiently rapid, safe, and comfortable, at moderate and strictly regulated rates. They even go so far as to promise, to a certain extent, civil behavior on the part of their drivers, and, in fact, a clause in their charter provides that none of these shall leave his cab at any railway station or steamboat landing, or move from his stand, until summoned by a passenger. Ophelia's doubt as to the protestations of the lady in the play may, indeed, flit across the minds of those who ponder this announcement; but if the Company seriously propose reforming the present disgraceful condition of affairs at all, we see no reason why they should not undertake to reform it altogether. Of course this attempt is only an entering wedge, and whether it can make its way against the formidable hostility

of the entire body of hack-owners and drivers remains to be seen. The obstacles are neither few nor trivial; and not the least among these, we fear, must be reckoned the circumstance that the Mayor of New-York is empowered by the charter to appoint the stands to which the cabs must confine themselves. The cuttle-fish grasp of Tammany, we need hardly say, includes the hack interests of the city within its all-embracing reach, and we have already had indications of how angrily any interference of this kind is liable to be resisted.

But let the suffering community hope for the best; and, in thus hoping, may we not look for certain improvements even upon the plan put forward by the Cab Company? The fares, according to the present schedule, are not adjusted in the manner which experience elsewhere shows to be most satisfactory for all parties. They are based upon an impracticable system. The English custom of charging according to distance can never be strictly adhered to. Who can tell when he has traveled exactly a mile or two miles? Town residents would often be at a loss, and strangers would always be completely at the mercy of drivers. Even in London the system of mile-rates is productive of endless confusion. The squabbles between cabbies and his fare may be diverting enough in the pages of *Punch*, but they are by no means agreeable to encounter. The privilege of engaging vehicles by time hardly meets the difficulty. Drivers are entitled to move at a reduced speed when thus hired, and it is quite unnecessary to say that they take full advantage of their opportunities. Of late years the practice has arisen of taking cabs by the hour, and bribing drivers to rapid time by a slight advance upon the prescribed payment. The fare in London is two shillings per hour. For two and sixpence, the cabman will undertake to proceed as briskly as if engaged by the mile. Even on these terms, however, if skillful and quick-witted, he can secure his advantage by selecting partially obstructed thoroughfares, and, by thus impeding his own progress, can increase his remuneration. Few who have undertaken an afternoon ride from the Bank of England to Charing Cross, for example, have escaped this exasperating infliction.

The most judicious plan to adopt in New-York, with such modifications as might be necessary, would be that which generally prevails upon the Continent. The vehicle is paid for by the "course," and the fare is the same, within certain limits, whether the route be long or short. By this condition, all question or dispute concerning distance is obviated. The receipts of the carriage companies average about the same as those where the mile-rates are maintained, and passengers likewise find that the cost to themselves is neither more nor less than in England, while the convenience is much greater. Above all, it is for the driver's own interest to reach his destination in the shortest possible time, which, to the majority of the public, is the principal consideration. This is the system best adapted to New-York. It would not interfere with the employment of cabs by time as well, and it would go further than any other single feature to recommend the enterprise to immediate popularity.

THE NEW DRAMATIC SEASON.

The cool winds of September have begun to blow, and the blue skies of September have begun to smile. In this delightful weather the city is as pleasant as the country—and, in some respects, surpasses its rural rival. Accordingly the great army of metropolitan excursionists has struck its tents, and is marching on the capital. Familiar faces are once more seen in familiar haunts. Enterprise arouses itself from its sluggish summer sleep. Fashion prepares to resume its sway. Business runs in its old channels. And in the next breath the world is a busy hum of preparation, theatrical world a busy hum of action, indistinguishable with the loud note of action, indistinguishable with the loud note of action.

The promise of that season is unmistakably good. Decency, it is evident, will prevail at most of the theaters; and this, after what we have experienced, is a very important consideration. At a few places, of course—where the unquenchable spirit of mercenary greed is rampant, and would do anything, however filthy, for the sake of money—the usual dirty appeal will be made to the lowest instincts of the sensual multitude. Of course, too, we shall once more encounter the usual doctrine in defense of this abuse—that the public want muck, and will have it, and therefore it is right for theatrical managers to give it to them. These blotches are to be expected. We are not living in Utopia, but in a world wherein most persons are selfish, many are unprincipled, and ignorance, vanity, and sensuality abound. Nevertheless, there is a bright side of the picture; and the promise of the new season, as we have said, is unmistakably good. Past excess in the direction of frivolity and coarseness has promoted a reaction in favor of the legitimate drama; and this, if it be not allowed to go too far, will manifestly lead to wholesome results. Wherever the legitimate drama prevails, the theater takes a high intellectual tone; for the legitimate drama requires acting, and acting is a matter of ability and not of legs. Moreover, where there is ability there is usually taste, refinement, self-respect, and moral principle. To get away from ignorance and weakness is also to get away from depravity. People of talent, at any rate, know how to assume a virtue if they have it not; and the theaters in which able and cultivated players are assembled will, we may safely presume, be beneficial in their influence, and therefore worthy of public esteem and support.

THE OPENING SEASON.

The "regular season" has come upon us as promptly as these bracing September breezes. Niblo's Garden was first in the field, on the 2d of August, when the managers threw burlesque overboard and embarked the legitimate drama. On the same night, the Grand Opera House commenced a season which has lasted till now, and bids fair to be indefinitely prolonged. Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre came next, on the 10th inst. Then, the Tammany, the Theatre Comique, and the Waverley wheeled into line. Then Wood's Museum hung out its autumnal banners, and the San Francisco Minstrels rattled their juvenescence bones. Next week, the Olympic and the Bowery will follow suite. Bryant's Minstrels begin on the 13th. A little later, on the 16th inst. Mr. Wallack's phalanx will advance to the front; and lastly, on the 20th, Mr. Booth will close the final gap, and the regular season will have thoroughly set in.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Dan Bryant's benefit to-night, at Niblo's Garden. The Chapman Sisters are playing at Louisville, in the burlesque of "Ixon."

Mr. Wallack's new company, for next season, is summoned to assemble at the theater next Monday.

Half-a-dozen matinees are announced for tomorrow, as follows: at Wood's Museum, Zaynab; at the Theatre Comique, "The Queen of Hearts"; at the Olympic, Mr. Fox in "Hecory, Decory, Dock"; at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, "Play"; at Booth's Theatre, Mr. Jefferson in "Up Van Winter Davis and family."

PERSONAL.

President Grant and Gen. Porter arrived in Saratoga by the evening train yesterday and joined the President's family at the Union Hotel.

The Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant-Secretary of State, and Count d'Aersholt, Secretary of the Belgian Legation, are at the Brevoort House. Mr. Rangabe, Charge d'Affaires of Greece at Washington, is at the Algonquin Hotel. Gen. Gordon Granger, U. S. A., ex-Gov. J. Gregory Smith, Vermont, is at the Hotel de la Ville. Mr. G. W. Holland, Florida, and Thos. C. Durant, are at the Fifth-Ave. Hotel. Mayor Beach of Troy, Mr. Henry Winter Davis and family, Delaware; Col. A. C. McClure, Philadelphia, and Lieut. H. Livermore of the Engineer Corps, are at the Hoffman House. Gen. Albert Pike of Tennessee, Gen. O. M. West, of the Hon. Z. Pratt, Staunton, N. Y., and J. P. Bagley, Detroit, are at the Nicholas Hotel. Gen. J. B. Alexander, St. Louis, and Judge Gleason, late U. S. Consul at Bordeaux, are at the Metropolitan Hotel. Professor Herman, Paris, and Major Hennessey, Washington, are at the Westminster Hotel. Commodore Enmons, U. S. Navy, is at the Astor House.

With decent and intellectual effort on the stage, let us hope that there will also come a ready and ample response of the best public intelligence and sympathy. If we would have a pure stage we must encourage those who strive to uphold it in purity. If we would enjoy acting, we must cheer those who cultivate that high and difficult art, by thoughtful consideration of their efforts and judicious praise of their merits. If ever the drama needed fostering care, it needs it now. If ever there was a time when slight defects and trivial blemishes ought to be overlooked in favor of worthy purposes earnestly pursued, it is this present moment. Questions as to the propriety of Brown's whiskers or Robinson's boots, Miss Smith's waterfall or Mrs. Jones's Grecian Bend, may be important in their place. But their place is altogether subsidiary to that of the great question, whether the stage is administered in such a way as to exert, concurrently with all other agencies of education, a cheering, refining, and elevating influence upon the age.

If it be so administered, it deserves the sympathy and the active, practical support of all who have at heart the welfare of their families, the honor of their country, and the good of mankind. Nothing is trivial which affects the minds of the young. Nothing is idle which sways the popular heart. And the stage is both dazzling to youth, and dear to the people. Those who have it in charge rest under the burden of a very grave responsibility. They not only keep a shop, but they keep a school; and the schoolmaster, in this age, is greater than the emperor. But their responsibility is not theirs alone. It rests, in some sense, also, upon the intellectual and refined classes in every community, whose high duty and whose wise policy it is, to sustain in dignity and honor every institution and every influence which can advance human civilization.

Not a single European Sovereign, it is stated, is to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal. The Viceroy of Egypt issued invitations most liberally, but the Sultan took offense, put on airs worthy of the legendary Grand Mogul, reminded the Viceroy that he is only a vassal and had no right to invite anybody, gave him a sharp warning to cut down his expenses, sell off his iron-clads and breech-loaders, and drop his negotiations with foreign Governments. The Viceroy, acting on the advice of his friends, has given to this massive the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and a quarrel which at first seemed imminent has apparently been averted. But it appears that the European Sovereigns, or those among them who thought of going, have now very naturally made up their minds to remain away. The whole affair is a curious instance of the anomalous relationship existing between Turkey and Egypt, and which never could have existed but for the absurd policy of certain European Powers. Egypt is a country with a future before it. It has gone in for modern industries, inventions, appliances; it is eager to adopt every new discovery; it has railways and gas, newspapers and commerce. Alexandria is more like a great French city than anything Eastern. Mark Twain bears testimony that he even found an ice-cream saloon there—a fact which ought to render it respectable in the mind of every true American. It is a mere anomaly that a decaying, stupid, impotent old Government like that of Turkey should exercise a suzerainty upon Egypt. The first general outbreak that takes place in the Turkish provinces of Europe will inevitably herald the independence of Egypt, for there will be no English intervention of a warlike kind in Turkish affairs any more. The rebuke of the Sultan on the score of extravagant expenditure came with a wonderfully good grace from the most prodigal and reckless of all spendthrift States. "That Jenny Twitche" "should peach on me, I own, does surprise me," says the rogue in "The Beggar's Opera." That the Sultan should rebuke extravagance may well astonish his vassal, the Viceroy. It is Satan rebuking sin indeed.

We did our best for the witty Mayor.

New-York who has invented the rare joke, signing his name "O. K." We gave him full credit for unearthing the fact, and proving it by the poll-books, that much as they prated about the necessity of Democratic victory, the editors, reporters, publishers, pressmen, and devils of *The World* all with one mind cared so little about it that they didn't think it worth while, last Fall, to vote even once; and we did not conceal our solemn conviction that no such heinous charge was ever before brought against a Democratic newspaper, in the whole history of Democracy. But now comes a defender of *The World*, with arguments which, we fender of *The World*, with arguments which, we are bound to say, are persuasively powerful. "How does anybody know," exclaims this spokesman of *The World*, "that the Mayor's poll-books are evidence? Do we not know how his people tampered with the Registry, and voted tens of thousands of fraudulent ballots? Who but an idiot would think of presenting poll-books in this city as proof of anything?" We confess our error. The argument of this able defender may be bad for the Democracy, but it is good for *The World*. Mr. "O. K." is not "one head."

THE DRAMA.

THE OPENING SEASON.

The "regular season" has come upon us as promptly as these bracing September breezes. Niblo's Garden was first in the field, on the 2d of August, when the managers threw burlesque overboard and embarked the legitimate drama. On the same night, the Grand Opera House commenced a season which has lasted till now, and bids fair to be indefinitely prolonged. Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre came next, on the 10th inst. Then, the Tammany, the Theatre Comique, and the Waverley wheeled into line. Then Wood's Museum hung out its autumnal banners, and the San Francisco Minstrels rattled their juvenescence bones. Next week, the Olympic and the Bowery will follow suite. Bryant's Minstrels begin on the 13th. A little later, on the 16th inst. Mr. Wallack's phalanx will advance to the front; and lastly, on the 20th, Mr. Booth will close the final gap, and the regular season will have thoroughly set in.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Dan Bryant's benefit to-night, at Niblo